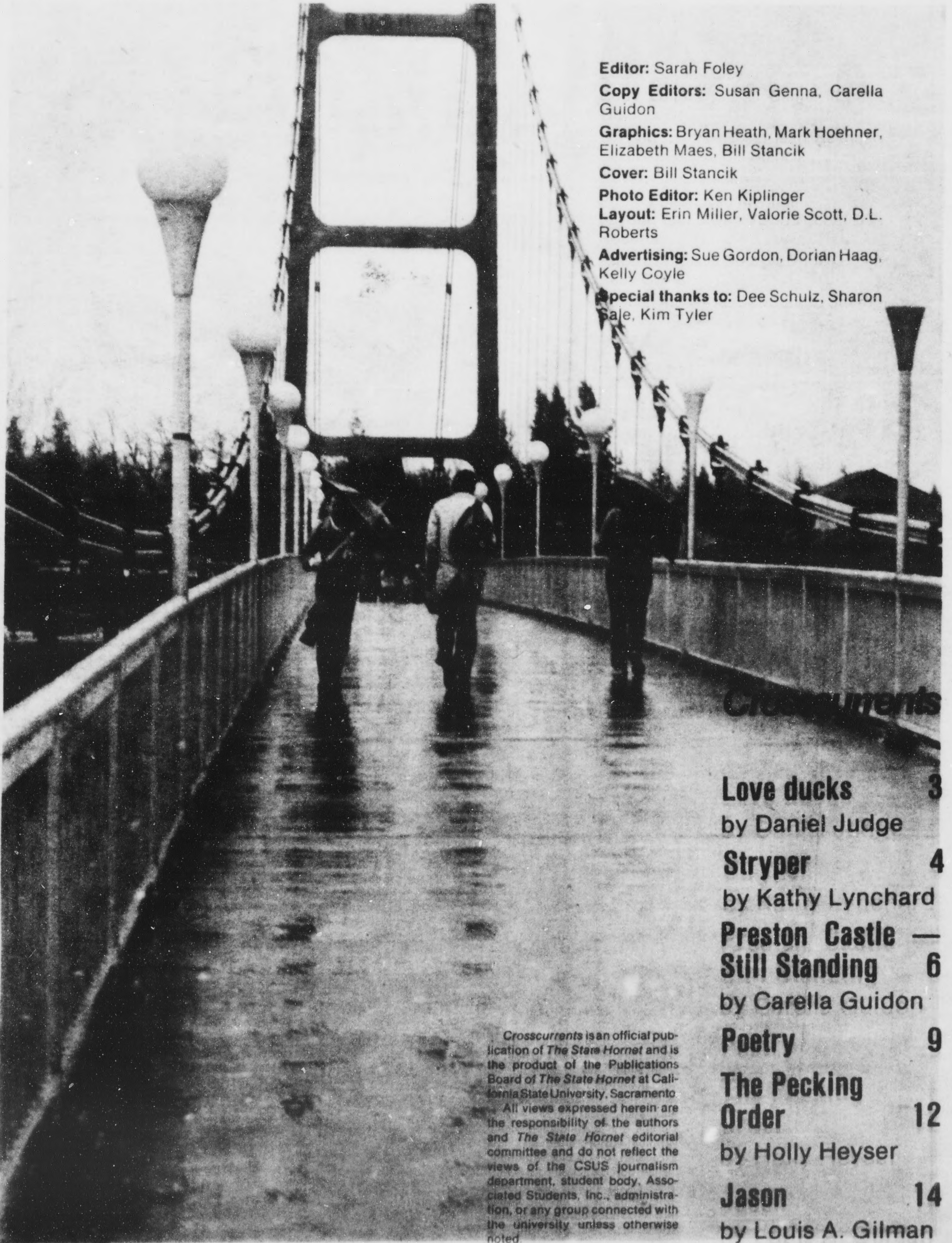


CROSSCURRENTS.

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Love, ducks, and rabid dogs



by Daniel Judge
Staff Writer

I have a friend who, one day after a trio of margaritas, told me how much she admired ducks. Ducks, she said, mate for life. Two ducks get together and spend their whole lives doing duck things. They are so devoted to each other that neither would be able to hear the siren quack of some mallard Lorelei.

And, she continued, if one of the ducks should die, the other is left so destitute and inconsolable that it refuses to pair up again with any other duck. It just spends the rest of its water-logged life swimming in circles waiting for the Grim Duck to come and take it to quacker heaven to once again be with its loved one.

This appealed to the poetic side of my soul. I didn't really know if my friend had the straight scoop on duck loyalty or not, but if it wasn't true, it should've been. It was a good thing to be true.

That got me thinking. The duck idea was nice. It's too bad more human relationships couldn't be like that, loyal, I mean. No, most human relationships are more like a loyal and faithful dog who suddenly goes rabid.

See, this is how it goes. You get the little thing as a puppy. It's so darn cute and lovable that it makes you feel warm and happy inside just to be near it. As time goes on, he isn't so cute anymore, but you get nice and comfortable with him. He fetches your paper for you and wags his tail to let you know you're special and you let him scootch up next to you when you watch TV and scratch him behind the ears to let him know he's special, too.

Then, one day, the little guy starts foaming at the mouth and snarling at you. You don't even recognize this angry cur. And the first time you turn your back, the little shit bites you

Then she said she wished that I had stayed away. This was getting weirder by the second, so I asked her what was going on. She said she really didn't know, it was just a feeling. Then she said I had too many defenses and never showed my feelings. I said, let me come over, I'll show you a feeling. She said no, she didn't want to see me because I was never truly myself. I was starting to get pissed. What was this, the free-floating reason to dislike Dan Judge? Next it's gonna be I don't have the right amount of Y chromosomes. "Not myself?" I wittily replied, "Who've I been all this time, Eisenhower?"

Suddenly a little light bulb popped on in my head, though at this point it was only a puny 25 watt. "Um, listen hon, you by any chance seeing somebody?" Well, it just so happened that her sister had introduced her to a guy who she would like to see more of, but that had nothing to do with this. Besides that, he loved life, unlike me. I got cool. "Well, when you're through with joy boy, gimme a call, but I can't guarantee I'll still be here, if you know what I mean." Click.

That put the fear of God into her. I didn't hear from her for three days. I figured I'd let her sweat enough and decided to drop by her place one morning. I knocked on the door, I had a key but I figured this was more cool. No answer. That's funny, her car's here and, uh oh, so's somebody else's, too.

I let myself in and, sitting there amidst a pile of clothes that had obviously been strewn about in a romantic frenzy, was a bearded guy smoking a joint. I could hear the shower going and figured that she was in there.

Whenever I had imagined scenes like this, I figured that I would come totally unglued. I'd rip this guy limb from limb, march into the bathroom and beat that treacherous woman to a pulp with one of his dismembered arms. Then I'd stalk out, well to be rid of her.

I thought I had a love that a duck would be proud of . . . what I really had was a horrible, slobbering, Skippy-gone-bad, rabid-dog love.

squarely on your trusting ass. You're left bewildered and confused, waving your arms and saying, "Skippy, Skippy, what happened? Why are you biting me on the ass?"

But Skippy's a dog, so he can't really tell you about the slavering little rat that bit him on the ass, leaving him feeling mean and nasty. He just keeps breaking your heart and snapping and growling. The only thing left to do is to tearfully load the rifle and shoot Skippy right between the eyes and get another dog.

All this barnyard metaphor talk is leading to my own excursion into the realm of lost love. I thought I had a love that a duck would be proud of, but instead, what I really had was a horrible, slobbering, Skippy-gone-bad, rabid-dog love.

I had been extremely close with this particular woman for about two-and-a-half years. We had gotten pretty comfortable with each other and knew how each other worked. Sure, we had our small problems, but nothing major. Neither one of us had expressed any real desire to move on to greener pastures. Heck, I figured we were just a couple of ducks on the pond of life (yeah, I know, this is so darn cute it makes you gag, but cheer up, she dumps me in a couple paragraphs.)

There really hadn't been any sign of trouble. The beginning of Easter vacation I had to make a trip to Southern California, but we made plans to do all those things we had wanted to do when I got back, just spend some time together. I was counting the hours until I could be in my baby's arms again.

When I arrived home, I gave her a call just to let her know I was back in town, expecting her to just squeal with delight. Instead, she told me she didn't want to see me. Huh? This was odd. The day I left she had been all over me, kissing me and making me promise to be a 'good boy.' What was this shit?

Unfortunately, if you really don't want to believe something, you're never really prepared for it. What actually happened was this: "You the guy (insert name)'s been seeing?" "Yeah." We both shuffle our feet. He stamps out his joint real jerky-like and hops to his feet. He puts his hand out to me. "I'm Mike." I shake his hand. "I'm Dan." We both shuffle our feet. "I gotta go," I say, "Tell (insert name) I was here." "I will," he says.

I walked out in a daze. God, God, I shook the mother's hand! Like we were two contestants waiting to go on "The Price Is Right," trying to be polite to each other. It was no longer an abstract, some faceless guy that she wanted to get to know better. It was reality and I had shaken its hand. No wonder the guy loved life; he was sitting in my girlfriend's apartment, smoking a joint after having slept with her in my bed.

My heart did a funny little twist that hurt so bad that I don't really care to minimize it with a funny metaphor. My stomach began to hurt and all I wanted to do was go to sleep. This was not the person I loved, she would never do this to me, thus, this is obviously a nightmare, just need sleep. Jesus, my stomach hurt! Must be too many damn tacos or something. I drove home and died.

As anyone who has ever been through this type of thing before knows, there are certain required steps to this procedure. First, you beat up your refrigerator. Then, as you dissolve into a puddle of tears on the kitchen floor, you start hoping that it still works, because you're going to have to have somewhere to keep all the beer you're going to drink. And after you drink all that beer, you're going to have to go out and do something really stupid. I hate to mess with tradition.

Stryper — not just another pretty face

by Kathy Lynchard
Staff Writer

Heavy metal, thrash metal, punk metal, black metal... Christian metal? What next? Buddhist metal? Let's hope not. But, unfortunately the born-again Christians have decided to do something to "clean up" heavy metal in general. On the ninth day, after much deliberation and a couple of beers, God created Stryper.

In March, the California-based Christian bashers brought their musical sermon to the Sacramento Community Center. Quite a diverse crowd turned out to view the long-haired spandex-clad versions of Billy Graham, ranging from a handful of leather and chain-clad metalers to the majority of clean-cut, preppy-looking kids who obviously had no idea of what heavy metal is or sounds like, but showed up anyway. A good fourth of the audience consisted of suburban parents who chaperoned their juniors to the show.

*"If you want
religious sermons, you
go to church."*

Under the impression that I was on the band's list for photo passes for Stryper's set, I handed over my press pass only to be told, "Sorry hun, your name's not on here." Babbling that Enigma Records (Stryper's label) had confirmed me that morning over the phone was pointless. Snatching my pass back, I strolled around the building to the backstage area. Explaining my dilemma to a red-jacketed older gentleman at the door, I was taken pity on, and told he'd fetch Stryper's road manager for me. A few seconds later, an out-of-shape, balding gorilla in a red Stryper T-shirt emerged in the doorway and told me in no uncertain terms that he'd never heard of me, (of course not, I hadn't even told him my name) and to get the bloody hell out of the way. So much for Christian hospitality.

Slightly bristled, I went back to the front of the Center to wait for some friends who had access to free tickets. Stryper was not about to get one red cent from me.

By the time we were in and seated, the opening act (American Standard, another Jesus-oriented band) was thankfully into their final song. American Standard finished and beat a hasty retreat offstage, and house lights came back on.



Christian Beauty Queens, from left to right, Tim Gaines, Michael Sweet, Oz Fox and Robert Sweet.

After a 20-minute-or-so wait, lights started to dim, prompting most of the bible-carrying brats in the audience to charge towards the stage. A mom nearby commented, "Why do they have to run up there? They have seats." Her daughter's monotone response, "Because it's a concert, Mom."

A Stryper roadie took the stage and grabbed a microphone. "Hey people, (not 'hey animals' as a metal show audience is commonly referred to) we need your help. Stryper won't come out until you all return to your seats. Please do so now." Surprisingly, the crowd up front meekly went back to their seats without any protest whatsoever.

Lights dimmed again and the traditional fog and flood lights oozed from the stage, but to the anthem "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The Christian kids loved it and were on their feet (but remaining at their assigned seats) immediately. "This is pissin' me off," grumbled the guy next to me as he reluctantly stood up just to be able to see more than jean-clad butts before his eyes.

Finally Stryper appeared out of the fog and launched into a bible thumping rocker, which musically, surprised all hell out of me. Expecting nothing harder than Journey or Loverboy, Stryper actually plays heavy metal. This is where I must give them credit. Musically they're very good — the sound is clean and tight. Visually, they're decent enough to watch — lots of energy, with the traditional heavy metal trappings of long hair and their trademark yellow and black spandex. They even threw in a more-than-half-hearted pelvic thrust here and there. Lyrically, what they stand for is what kills it for me, and I'm sure many other metal fans out there.

Song lyrics like, "Jesus, king of kings/ Jesus makes me wanna sing" to a heavy metal back beat is rather ridiculous. Heavy metal is supposed to be sweaty and smelly and obscene; that's what makes it so appealing to kids looking for a harmless way to rebel. Going to a concert and punching your fist in the air to not-accepted-by-parents-lyrics is a wonderful way for a

kid to let off some steam without hurting anyone. If you want religious sermons, you go to church.

However, Stryper's audience isn't exactly a heavy metal audience, and most of the kids at the show did come to get some spiritual revelation apparently. Several members of the audience were caught up in spiritual ecstasy, they stood with their heads thrown back and arms widespread while looking like they were in the midst of a spiritual orgasm.

Lead singer Michael Sweet spent more time delivering in between song sermons than he did singing. (Other bandmates included Sweet's older brother Robert on drums, lead guitarist Oz Fox and bass player Tim Gaines.)

*"Yeah, I was hit by a flying
Bible last night at a
concert."*

The funniest part of the whole show came when Sweet told the crowd, "The boys have something for you, come on out, guys." The band came out carrying dozens of miniature Bibles and proceeded to toss them into the crowd. What an embarrassing way to explain a black eye the next day. "Yeah, I was hit by a flying Bible last night at a concert."

Several songs later, Sweet suddenly wanted the whole place quiet — and he got it too. "Hey," (same soft, quiet voice) "can we bring it down for a moment?" And then a very soft "Shhh" — a very eerie silence fell over the entire place. Kind of scary — I could just imagine what response Rob Halford would get if he tried the same thing with a Judas Priest crowd. Another hush voiced mini-sermon followed.

Finally after several more religion-drenched songs, Stryper left the stage only to be urged on for two more encores by the frenzied crowd.

A big contradiction to everything Stryper had been preaching about all evening came at the end of their second encore. A large cross covered with lights was lowered as the crowd roared. Little did those kids know that for many years a band named Black Sabbath used a cross onstage, which brought screams of another sort from their audience. One day Sabbath decided to sell this obnoxious big stage prop. And to guess who?



Barbecues and beer.....

A look at summer fun

by Shawn Ryley
Staff Writer

A look into the crystal ball. Summer is not far away. Soon millions of students will be paroled from their respective institutions to do whatever they wish for three months.

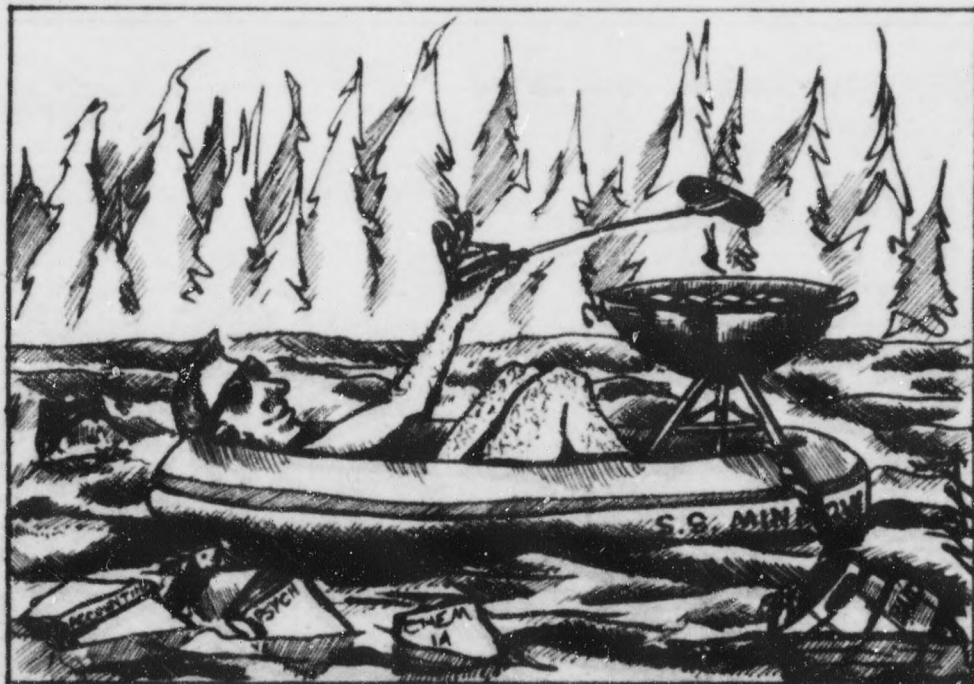
Calendars are chucked, books are burned, report cards are ignored completely. For it is the summer season that does it to all of the scholars. Not the hatred of being educated against their will. Summer is hot and so are metabolisms.

Fall, winter and spring are creative months. Collegians are on a leash. They can't stray too far, or they'll be yanked back quickly by the repercussions of the learning process. It's always in the back of their minds. "School, school, school," echoes rhythmically. While at college, students must conform to the seasons. There's no water skiing, no swimming in lakes or rivers.

When summer rolls around, though, there is an endless supply of activities that stirs the beast in schoolboys and schoolgirls. These activities aren't accessible at any other time of the year.

Camping is a supreme activity. Surely everyone can relate to living a few days in the wilderness. Camping is as natural as Grape Nuts. Millions of students flock to national parks. This summer will be no exception. Behind the manzanita they'll be wiping with pine needles because no one brought Charmin. Tough luck.

Lakes attract prisoners of education. They swamp to them as mosquitoes would swamp to a dirty puddle. The only trouble is mosquitoes are more constructive. Each person will prepare endless amounts of food only to have it engulfed by swarming wasps that chase a large portion of the populace away. Those who stay resort to menial forms of entertainment. "Let's swim across the lake, we've only had a few beers," are immortal words mentioned by drowning victims. Supposedly, by getting across the lake, the pinnacle of sport's achievement has been reached. One can almost hear them saying, "Geez, I didn't know it was so far," as water pours into their mouths.



Lakes aren't the only lucrative recreational spots for college students. Rivers can serve the same needs. A lot of rocks to tan on, a lot of bridges to jump off onto rocks where people are tanning. It's all good-natured fun. Add a keg for everyone's disposal and the scenario is set. The sirens sound. The cops arrive, the people flee, all yelling, "Get the hell out of here." Panic ensues for miles. No more river parties for the rest of the year.

Instead of river parties, barbecues might be safer from the law. They require a lot of hamburger, flies and mosquitoes. People like to invite old classmates from high school so they can say, "What's your major," chat about old times. Barbecues signify the transition to yuppie-dom for young people. They allow young adults to sharpen their conversational skills.

Eventually barbecues become dull and die out. It's time to be more adventurous and kill some brain cells. What a better way to do it than stand in the hot sun for long hours, listening to seismographic guitar riffs at an outdoor rock festival. Shell out \$25 to \$30 and every college kid's dream comes true. Those bands they worshipped on the Top 40 radio stations come to life, singing the same songs heard ten times every hour on the radio. The people scream and claw all day long, pushing, kicking and punching anyone that gets in their way. By concert's end they are in a lyrical stupor. Their ears ring like a TV test pattern. To relax they go home and have a barbecue and talk about what they have just seen.

Summer is more than recreation. Although college students go overboard at times, there is still a more responsible side to them. For example, they must work. How else can they get gas money to cruise or see the latest Sylvester Stallone epic? Money does not grow on trees and they know it. They approach their jobs in a serious manner. Even though employment lasts three months, most have to quit because going back to school is traumatic. Sitting in a classroom for an average of three hours a day, 15 hours a week is horrible punishment that should not be wished on anybody. College students have only about 21 hours of free time each day. That's cruel and inhumane. Boy, it's good to know summer is coming.

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Preston Castle fights for survival

by Carella Guidon
Editorial Staff

Dr. Leo Gallagher and his wife, Shirley, lived in a castle for three years. It had large metal gates at the entrance, and guards on duty at all times. There was a swimming pool in the basement, and the castle even had its own post office. But the Gallaghers lived 20 feet from a number of young criminals. The Gallaghers lived in Preston Castle, a young men's state correctional facility.

With all the greenery it made a beautiful outline of the palm trees against the sun. It was very spectacular."

The wide cement steps at the front entrance made for many spring and summer visits between residents, and there was plenty of space outside for recreational activities.

Original plans for the school called for a three-story, towered building with an annex containing a dining room and dormitory.

formation of a marching band. The school was not without its fun, though. For many years at Christmastime, a large lighted star was displayed in the windows of the tower, and a nativity scene was on the grounds for the public to enjoy.

During the 1940s a reconstruction program began; however, the castle was never declared earthquake-proof, so it was closed in 1960, after new facilities were built on the Preston grounds to house the inhabitants. John Saner, a long-time resident of Ione said, "It was a shame to close the castle. It's been through a lot of earthquakes and it never fell — it never will."

Some well-known inmates of the castle included Rory Calhoun, Steve McQueen and Merle Haggard.

Due to its architectural uniqueness, the castle was designated as a California State Historical Landmark in September 1974, and was further recognized in July 1975 when it was put on the U.S. Register of Historical Places.

Since its close in 1960 a fence has been built around the castle to minimize vandalism. However, weather has seriously harmed the structural soundness of the building, particularly the roof and upper two stories.

Through the 1960s, money was appropriated to raze the building. Many of the inside trimmings were sold to historical

moratorium to raze the building once more. Dorothy Reiling, the leader and founder of the group said, "We won't let the state have the castle. It is something that everyone should have the chance to see. I want my grandkids to see it!"

The roof was replaced in 1984 with credit going to this group of people. They continue to have their annual Renaissance Faire to raise funds to rebuild the Castle. "Our ultimate goal is to have tours of the castle, where people could see what it was like before," Reiling said.

The Preston School of Industry still operates next to the castle with vocational training facilities. Many of the wards receive their high school diplomas from Preston, and can also receive junior college credit. The mandatory vocational education has since been abandoned, though.

The castle at the end of Palm Drive has served as a monument for Ione. Millions of curious tourists have come to see its splendor. Countless stories have evolved from the castle, from murders to ghosts. Nobody knows if they were ever true or not. Town children jump the fence that encircles the castle to get a closer look. The brave ones try to climb to the tower.

The castle draws people from all walks of life — artists, photographers, architects, journalists. They see things of the past at the castle — the worn dirt paths from the



Photo by Brad Melin

Preston Castle — forbidden playground for daring youngsters in Ione, CA.

The red brick castle, named after the late Sen. E. M. Preston of Nevada County, has been standing for more than 90 years. It sits on a small hill at the end of a palm-lined street, appropriately called Palm Drive, in the small Amador County town of Ione. The castle overlooks the present-day Preston School of Industry, which is now home to more than 500 young offenders.

The original school was the brainchild of the late Sen. Anthony Caminetti of Jackson who wanted to provide an educational opportunity for the delinquents of Preston. His dream was to establish a facility in Amador County to teach delinquent youths a trade and give them the basic education to enable them to become productive citizens. He wished it to be as little like a prison or reform school as possible.

In its heyday, the Preston Castle was the epitome of its name — a castle. Its large tower stands over every other structure in Ione, and the windows gleam magnificently in the sun.

Originally the castle housed all the wards, but as the number grew, the young men were housed elsewhere on the grounds. Employees and their families still inhabited the castle until its close in 1960.

Patricia Belles, who lived in the castle during the 1940s said, "I used to watch the sunsets from my room on the third floor,

and a basement containing a swimming pool, recreation room and bath facilities. The academic school was on one floor, the hospital on another.

The 120-room structure was completed in 1893 after three years. It was built of bricks from a brickyard in Ione and sandstone from a local quarry. The cornerstone, laid in 1890 is still within the brick walls, but the exact location is not known.

As visitors entered the castle through the large dark wood doors, the spiral staircase was on the left. "It was always cooler inside the castle than it was outside, which was nice in the summer," Belles said. "The floor was black and white tile, and the post office was on the main floor." The post office had its own separate postmark, Waterman, to disguise it from the outside world as a prison.

It was 1894 before the first boys inhabited the castle. By the end of the first year, there were 234 residents of the castle, which included staff and youths. The boys ranged from 8 to 21 years of age. Sixty-three percent of them were held for burglary and larceny charges. They were encouraged to pursue more acceptable trades, including butchering, baking, culinary art and agriculture.

Through the decades the Preston program underwent various changes, including emphasis on military training and the



Photo by Brad Melin

On a cloudy day Preston Castle looks like something out of a horror movie.

restoration projects around the state. The spiral stairs can now be seen in the Old Sacramento Fire House.

Several efforts have been made by the state to have the castle torn down, but action by legislators and citizens has stopped this process. A "Save the Castle" group was formed to combat these attempts, and has succeeded in obtaining a

mounted fence guards that kept the wards in line, the old sentry house from where Preston's only three guards patrolled the gates, the great trees that were probably

planted when the castle was built almost 100 years ago. Within all of this, there is an air of mystery about the castle. There is a true castle — a thing of the past — and nobody wants to let go of that.

The Golden State

by Valorie Scott
Editorial Staff

Nevada City had always held a strange interest for me. On the one hand, it was a community full of hippies who had settled there and neglected to notice that long hair and tie-dyed clothing had given way to conservative haircuts and polo shirts. They were content to continue eating tofu and live a peaceful existence up in the beautiful, green pine hills. Many lived in big old mansions that were falling apart like the hippie culture had. The yards were often full of small children, bright and gay as wildflowers and as grubby as the earth in which they grew.

On the other hand, there were those people who had come to Nevada City from the smoggy, car-infested cities of California to retire. It was these people, I guessed, that lived in the nicely restored mansions, drove the BMWs and owned the small businesses along Broad Street that attracted tourists to the small community.

I decided to visit Nevada City recently and see what it was like in the winter. I had been there often in the summer to visit my favorite coffee shop, Lily's. It was owned by two guys from New York who looked like they had just stepped out of the sixties into the kitchen at Lily's. It was there I was first

introduced to tofu and reggae music. It was not until much later that I understood the implications of either.

I set out one day when there was a lull in a storm that had persisted all week. I headed up Interstate 80 toward Auburn. The sky was heavy with wet, gray clouds that blew across the horizon, promising rain. On the roadside, mustard plants waved frantically in the wind, their golden flowers standing out brightly against the leaden sky.

In Auburn, I got on Highway 49 and soon passed the local radio station, KHYL, that announced itself as coming to me "from the heart of the gold country." The phrase stuck in my mind, and I thought, this is the essence of California. California, the golden state, land of golden sunshine—even the state flower is gold. I realized the highway I was traveling may well have been named after the gold rush of 1849.

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Once inside, I paid my entrance fee of 50¢ to a park ranger with a floppy blond moustache. He had a silly grin, and I wondered if he was feeling a little sheepish at taking my money just so I could go slosh around the park in the pouring rain. But he took it anyway and said, "Enjoy your visit."

"A pond appropriately filled with goldfish lay at the bottom of the (rose garden) tiers, as if the mine owner's Midas' touch extended also to his gardens."

I asked if they were giving tours of the mansion on the hill. He shook his head, grinning sheepishly again. "Naw, we don't go out in this weather. Here's your ticket."

I studied some of the plaques describing the history of the mine and then made my way out into the rain. The wind was blowing hard enough to make an umbrella useless. I resigned myself to getting wet and trudged up the hill toward the mansion. On my left, a sprawling lawn led down to the clubhouse which was complete with tennis courts, a bowling alley and a ballroom. Here, the mine owner had entertained important guests, including Herbert Hoover, said a convenient plaque.

The mansion itself was huge, made of stone, with two large fountains in the front yard. In the back were tiered rose gardens surrounded by holly hedges. A pond appropriately filled with goldfish lay at the bottom of the tiers, as if the mine owner's Midas' touch extended also to his gardens.

I left the mansion and headed back down the hill toward the gold mines. There was a viewing place at the entrance to one of the mines. You could flip a light switch and look down the steep descent. I remembered the pictures of the mine workers I had seen in the park office, their faces grim and black from working, and wondered what it would have been like descending into the dark, damp place. Some shifts of workers never saw the sun on work days, going into the mines before sunrise and coming out after sunset.

"The working of gold is done with all this

• See STATE, page 15



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Please don't feed the squirrels

by Tina Serafin
Staff Writer

Survival is easier in the warmer months. It's easier to find a dry place to sleep and it's easier to scrape up a morsel of food. Rising early in the morning, they have a better chance of finding some leftovers to eat. They can also chance leaving their hovel without someone taking over their territory and can avoid harassment from pedestrians.

Squirrels are a lot like street people — they're timid, territorial and they live with what they can carry. They sleep in the oddest places and handouts are always welcome. Their taste is often indiscriminate — they will eat what is given to them, and don't care if it is good for them or not.

The CSUS campus has a high population of squirrels which has increased in the past two years, according to Al Jung, supervisor of groundskeeping and landscaping on campus. Jung has been working on the campus grounds since April, 1960.

"I love animals, and since I've been working here, I'm interested in the little animals that live around here," Jung said. "We had a lot more of them when I started working here. We had a lot of other wildlife too." Jung remembers when the campus was home to ducks, quail and doves.

"I've been interested in squirrels for a long time. But I really got involved in the past couple of years, more so last year because the population decreased a lot and I know that they need some special attention," Jung said.

There are two species of squirrels living on campus, ground squirrels and tree squirrels. Western Gray Squirrels make up the majority of the population, according to Jung, who has read extensively on squirrels and their habits.

During the week, Jung feeds the squirrels while on break and at lunchtime. He even comes to campus on the weekends to feed his hungry little friends.

"I come in every Saturday and Sunday around 11 a.m. when they're up and around," he said. "When the weather is bad they like to hide out and sleep longer." The furry creatures usually stir around 7 a.m. and 4 p.m. to forage for food, according to Jung.

Unfortunately, Jung doesn't always find the squirrels alive and well. "I've found some dead ones. We took them to the Fish and Game Department and tried to find out the cause of death but most were just caught by a dog or cat and killed," he said. "Some must get sick and die."

"People are feeding the squirrels the wrong things," Jung said. "People feed them with deep-fried potatoes, hamburger, Life Savers, and chocolate, and that's not good for those animals."

Feeding animals improper food may cause abnormal behavior (such as unnatural begging), tooth decay, illness, or even death, according to Judy Taylor, Education Assistant of the Sacramento Zoo.

"There are a lot of diseases that can be transmitted to humans, rabies being one of the biggies, and people just shouldn't feed wild animals," said Taylor. "Also, if people are feeding them sandwiches or things that they don't normally eat, then that's hurting the squirrel's health." People may be killing them with kindness, she said.



Photo by Carol Shapiro

"Please don't feed all the squirrels. Please don't feed them all. 'Cause if you feed them the wrong things, they won't be here in the fall."

"We've had a lot of zoo animals die here because of people feeding them," Taylor said. That's why there are 'no feeding' signs posted all over the zoo grounds now.

"You should really only feed the squirrels nuts," Taylor advises. "They can get their own food and you're encouraging the human contact with them which is definitely not what we believe in."

Jung said that there is enough wild food for them on campus. Acorns, wild pistachio nuts, dates, seed pods and even the soft parts of twigs contribute to their natural diets. Fruit and nuts are the only good things for them to eat.

Squirrels on campus have grown accustomed to human feeding and have learned that a cute pose can lead to a tasty morsel. Feeding the squirrels healthy food may be OK, but holding your hand out without any food in it is not, Jung said.

"When you've got nothing in your hand — watch out! You're teasing them," Jung warned. "Around Christmas time, two girls were bitten. One was bitten pretty bad and the squirrel tore a piece of meat out of her finger."

Taylor encourages people not to feed the squirrels at all.

"That's not what they're there for," she said. "It's more fun just to watch them."

The final exam

by Holly Heyser
Editorial Staff

When Jo arrived at the classroom most of the class was already there, even though the final wasn't supposed to start for 25 minutes. Heart pounding, she took her seat, reasoning that she could at least study while she waited.

She sat, wiped the sweat from her brow and glanced at the strained faces of her classmates. It looked as if most of them had a No-Doz night, and Jo was certainly no exception. All night in the uneasy solitude of her downtown apartment she had studied and read, studied and read, on and on until the information was swimming in her mind. She had tried to sleep at sunrise but to no avail. Well, she might've slept, Jo contradicted herself, but it wasn't at all therapeutic — the events of the Persian Wars re-enacted themselves on her dreamscape, over and over, just as she had studied them. At the end of her dream, the Persian Emperor Xerxes had charged at her, waving the textbook she'd scarcely read, clenching a Blue Book in his other fist.

Wimpering quietly, her head jerked back. She looked around quickly, her heart pounding even faster, but nobody had

caught her sleeping. She dug her notes out of her backpack and laid them out on the desk, spreading them apart as if she could read all of them at once and just absorb the information. She tried to look them over, but it just wouldn't work, she had taken as much as she could. Like an overstuffed closet, no more would fit; she just had to close the door and hope it held tight.

She looked at the clock. There were exactly 12 more minutes before the professor would arrive, smiling confidently. Sure, he got his eight hours last night. He would plop his briefcase on the table and pull out those freshly run off, stinky exams, and slowly, inexorably count them out and pass them down each row. And each student would scan the page frantically to see if he had studied for the right question.

Five more minutes. Jo's heart was pounding so hard it could've popped right out. She checked her pulse, inconspicuously. God! 150 — wasn't that what a rat's heartbeat was supposed to be? She took a deep breath and stared straight ahead, trying to calm down, but her mind wouldn't stop. She just wanted to forget about Western civilizations and breathe easy for a

few minutes, but it was too late for that. Her mind was on autopilot, reviewing without any conscious effort, faster and faster.

Two more minutes, and the first stab of fear pierced her. What if the teacher was late? She had stuffed every little bit of information into her brain, like cramming people in a phone booth, and they would only stay inside for so long before those glass walls burst and they all spilled out. What if she suddenly forgot everything? What if she forgot everything as quickly as she'd learned it? What if.

Ten seconds, that sonofabitch had to get there in ten seconds. Three, two, one. So where the hell was he? What the hell was he trying to do to them? The suspense was driving her heart harder and harder.

One minute late. That bastard! He knew that not a one of them had studied consistently during the semester like he told them to do. He just knew it, and he was pushing them, straining their brains to the limit. He wanted everyone to forget absolutely everything. Damn him! she thought, glancing around quickly, seeing the tension on all their faces. Damn him!

Five minutes late. One student leapt

from his seat and darted out the door, probably in search of that stupid professor. Another began pacing up and down his row. Students began turning to each other, complaining loudly and gesturing rudely. In no time at all, the class was in an uproar.

Then the clock ticked loudly, stopping everyone. The man stopped pacing, the students stopped complaining, all looked at the clock. He was ten minutes late, and the silence was worse than the tumult. The tension mounted, higher and higher and higher until everyone's hair was literally standing on end, higher and higher.

The professor walked in smiling that sedate, gray-haired smile. "Good morning, class," he said.

And in an instant, 20 anguished faces twisted and gnarled and screamed silent screams, and fists clenched, and in slow motion 20 heads exploded, flesh flying everywhere, gray matter loudly smacking the blackboard, a piece of cartilage landing squarely on the professor's chin, patches of hair streaming out the door.

The professor looked around, a little bit stunned.

"Oh, was I late?"



Psychological Suicide

Standing on the roof
of the psychology building
debating.

My mind
goes through a thousand different images
of my body
hitting the ground.

Each drop is different
But I survive the fall,

only to do it over,
again and again.

I envision a broken and crushed body, mine,
staining the asphalt.
And it feels as though the pain penetrates me
drop by drop,
fall by fall.
But I continue,

jumping, landing, and jumping again.

I could walk away
And the pain might stop...
But it hurts too much
to move now.

Laying down,
I try to rest —
The images clear and persistent.

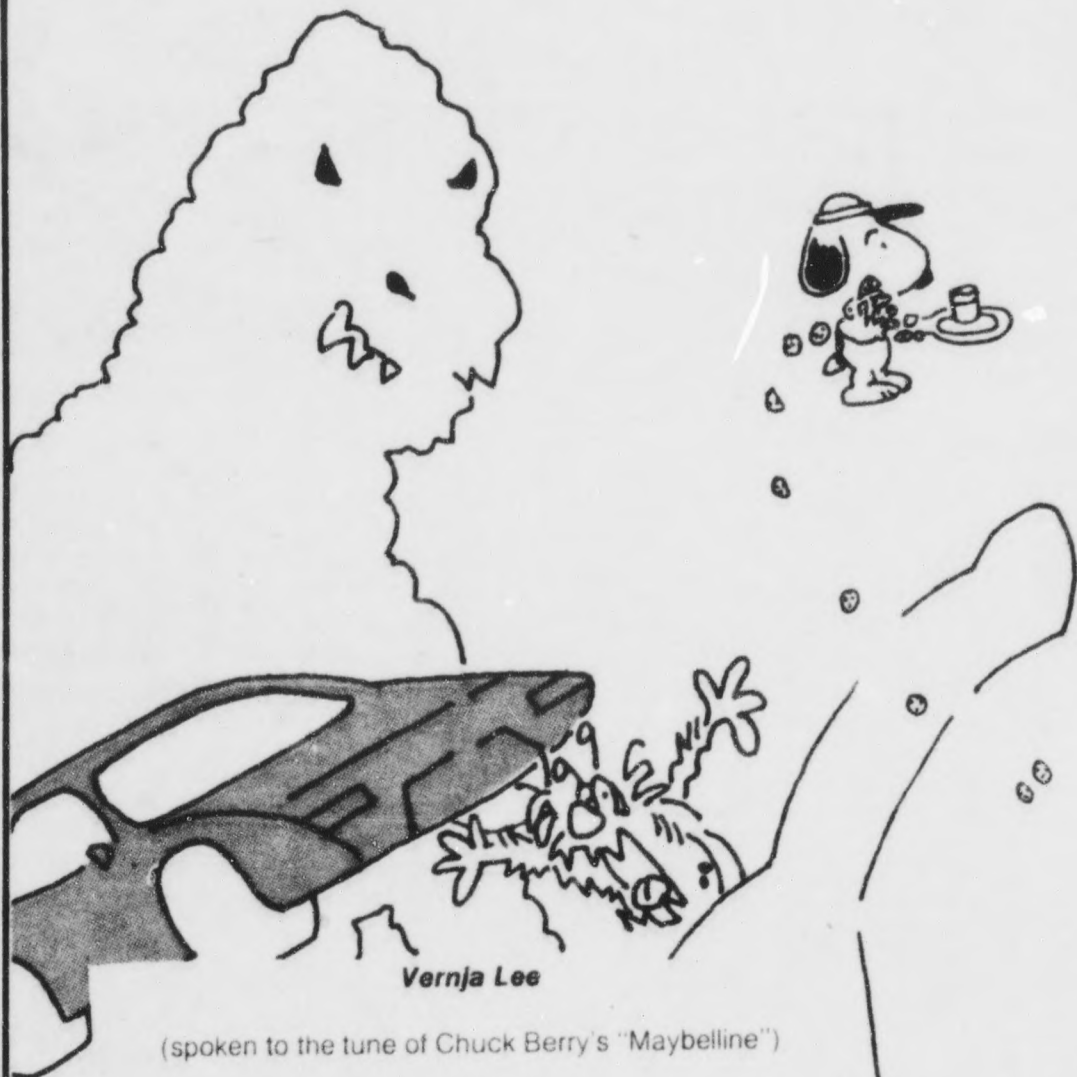
Slowly, blood seeps
out of my nose, mouth, and ears
And then from the pores of my body.

My breathing is spastic,
and gurgled
Every breath now leaking out of my chest
Where broken bones are suddenly protruding.
Head aching, vision spinning,
faint from loss of blood —

I close my eyes,
and die.

There, on the roof,
of suicide.

— Christy Cayo



(spoken to the tune of Chuck Berry's "Maybelline")

Vernja Lee, don't be a fool
Vernja Lee, why can't you be cool?
Why can't we do the things we used to do?

Coming on down from the Oakland hills
Coming to school just dressed to kill
Looking at you is such a thrill
Vernja Lee please say you will

Go with me, and let's be two
Oh Vernja Lee, just me and you
let's start doing the things we used to do

Speeding down Highway 99
Vernja Lee's just looking fine
Looking away from the traffic signs
Red Corvette doing 89

When I used to catch you in the grind
Always used to stick you from behind
Your sexy love was sweet and kind
All you did was blow my mind

Vernja Lee, why can't you be cool?
Oh Vernja Lee, why can't you be true?
And let's go back doing the things we used to do

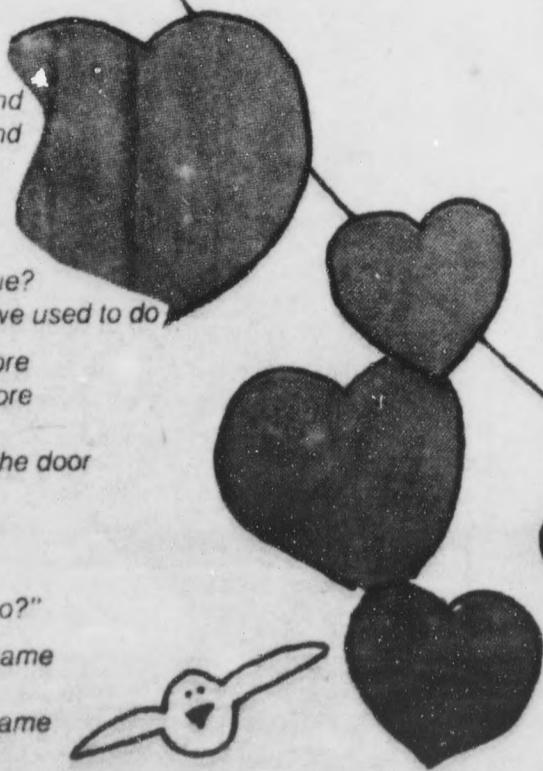
When she used to cum around before
Vernja Lee would always ask for more
Now the girl thinks I'm just a bore
Kicks me out the house and locks the door

It wasn't very long ago
I wanted Vernja Lee to know
As our love started to grow
She rolled her eyes and told me, "so?"

Vernja Lee, Vernja Lee it's just a shame
But for your faults I'm not to blame
Waiting for that prince who never came
Left you soaking in the purple rain

Vernja Lee, you don't have to be blue
But Vernja Lee, if you know the rules
Then we can do the things that we should do.

— Laebat Edaw



The parking game . . .

It's all a matter of method

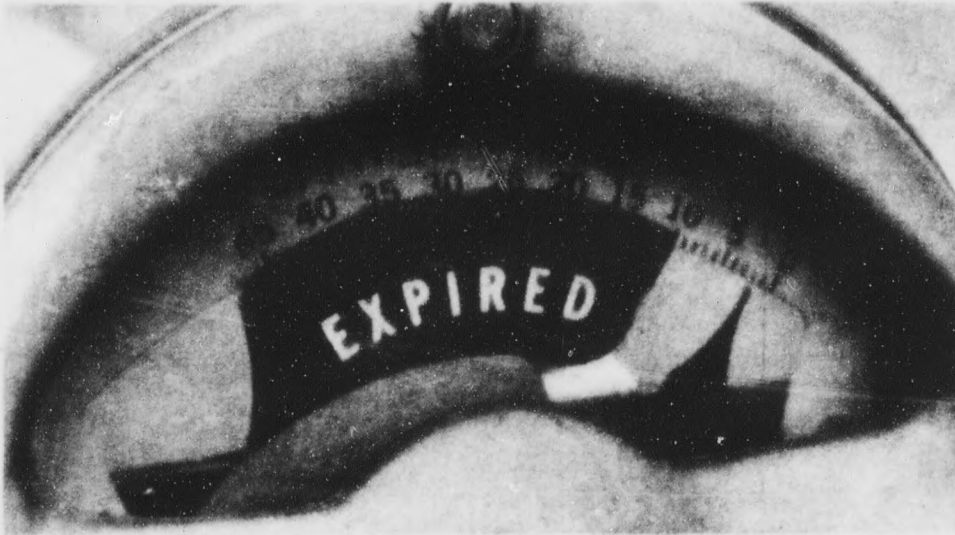


Photo by David Hensley

by Kristie Mott
Staff Writer

Who says that there is a parking problem on campus? Through careful observation of various methods of obtaining a parking spot, anyone can find a place — it is just a matter of method.

METHOD 1 — This method is limited to Iowa farmers (or for that matter, farmers from any state) who make a habit of getting up at the crack of dawn, or for parents, who are conditioned to early rising. The method is simple. Get up early (early means to be on campus by 7:15 a.m. on Mon., Wed., and Fri., and by 6:45 a.m. on Tues. and Thurs.), drive to campus, go to any lot and park. Some students use this method and then finish their sleeping in their car. It may not be comfortable, but they have a parking space.

METHOD 2 — This method is more popular. It still requires coming early, but early is relative to when the student has classes. This method entails parking in the parking lot, in everyone's way, near the area wanted. Turn off the car engine, get out last week's English assignment and study. When the preceding class lets out, put down the book and hope someone will leave in the designated aisle. Don't worry about the other cars that have to squeeze by; this is a method, and by the frequency it is used, it must work.

METHOD 3 — This method reminds one of a horror story. In it, the one hunting a parking space creeps slowly behind anyone walking through the parking lot. The hunter hopes one of the victims will get in a car and leave. Meanwhile, the person being followed doesn't know what the hunter wants, and avoids his car, so that the hunter can't track him down later by license number. However, this method must work also, because it's a favorite of many.

METHOD 3 (variation) — This method is the same as above but the hunter opens his window and yells to the victim, "Are you parked near here?" Some victims don't respond and others are quite helpful.

METHOD 4 — This method is just downright insane. In this one, the one looking for a parking space casually asks people in the parking lot, "Can I drive you to your car, in exchange for your parking space?" The ones in the parking lot frequently get in the car. This method is successful but dangerous. How does one know that the person asking really wants a parking space? Or, how does one know that the person that they are picking up really has a parking space or for that matter, a car?

METHOD 5 — This method is frequently mentioned in the campus newspaper. Park illegally. Park in a handicapped space (\$50 fine and a guilty conscience). Park in green spaces, fire zones, anywhere there is space big enough for a car. Just park and suffer the consequences.

METHOD 6 — The least favorite, most logical, safe and legal method. Park in the outer zones. The parking lots farthest from campus usually have spaces.

Parking is not a problem on campus. It is just a matter of method.

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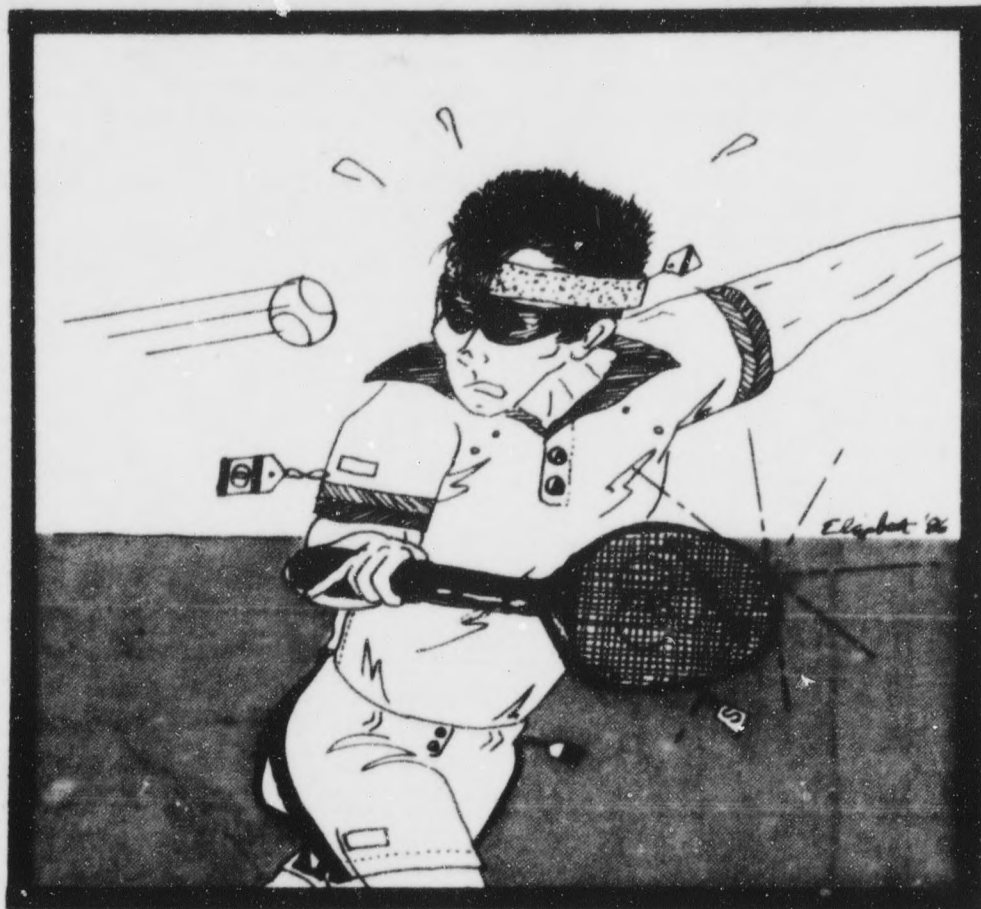
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Courting disaster with tennis fashions

by Gary Sekikawa
Staff Writer



It's not the Fila warm-up suit. It's not the Adidas shoes. It's not the Prince graphite racket either. It's not the equipment, but the person behind it that makes the tennis player.

An Ellesse outfit doesn't bring the crisp groundstrokes of Chris Evert-Lloyd, just as a Dunlop racket won't produce the powerful serves of John McEnroe. Many people spend hundreds of dollars on new clothes and rackets only to find that their groundstrokes still sail into the fence and their serves still land in the net.

Looking like the pros doesn't guarantee playing like them. Those players possess something the average player does not, something that cannot be found in a new warm-up suit or a new racket, something that cannot be purchased. Talent.

Talent alone has not made professionals what they are, however. They have developed their skills through hours of hard work and practice. Of course, not everyone has the natural ability of an Evert-Lloyd or a McEnroe. No matter how much time and effort they put in, they will never reach the level that professionals have. But, just as practice has made the pros the best, it can also make beginners better.

What is important to remember is that good tennis players can win with anything. They make a very difficult game look very simple, but they don't need expensive clothes or a flashy racket in order to do so. It's not what they use that's important, but how they use it.

In tennis, there are no points awarded for appearance. All that counts is what is accomplished on the court. Very often it is not the player with the fancy clothes who wins, but the one wearing the old high school gym shorts, the faded T-shirt, and the worn out shoes. He doesn't look good, but he wins.

Not everyone can win all the time, however, so it is important to have fun while playing. Tennis is a fun game although it can be very frustrating as well. Keeping that fuzzy little ball in the court is not as easy as the pros make it look. More than a few players have been driven to the brink of insanity trying. They talk to themselves, to their rackets, to the ball. They scream and shout. They kick the fence, the bleachers, and sometimes themselves for ever taking up the silly game to begin with.

Down and discouraged, many players search for a quick and simple remedy to their ailing tennis games. Some join a class. Some take lessons. Others concede the fact that they will never play like a pro, and spend their money on expensive clothes so they can at least look like one. For them, appearance is more important than performance. As Fernando might say, "It's better to look good than to play good."



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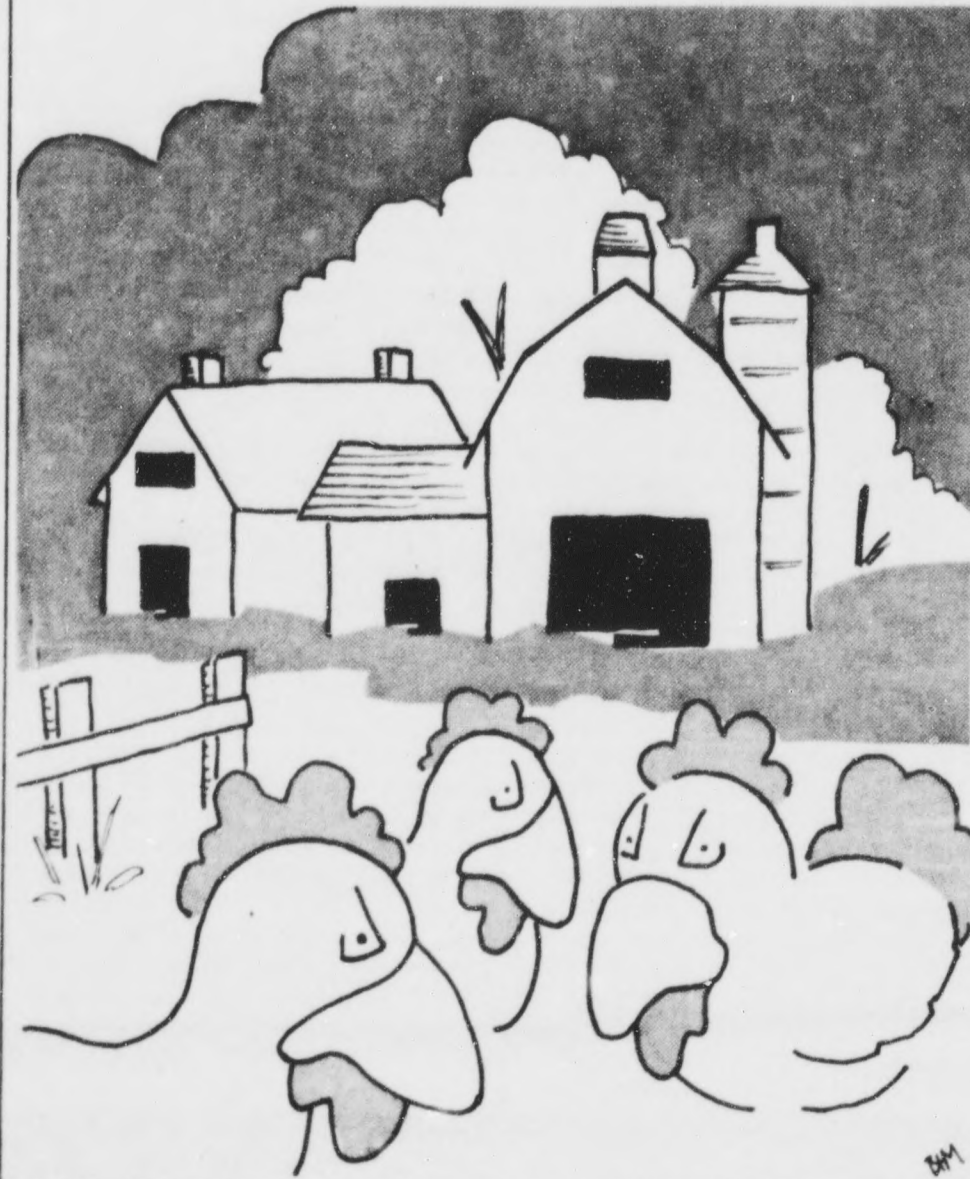
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The pecking order

by Holly A. Heyser
Editorial Staff



"It's just not fair!" shrieked one of the smaller ladies, causing a small uproar of agreement. Their high-pitched chatter soon became completely incoherent.

"Shh! Shhhh! She'll hear! Sh!" One of the ladies, an older, more sedate one, calmed the group. "Quiet now, girls. We don't have to be rude about..."

"Rude?! Us?! Humph!" a younger lady snorted. "Whose side are you on anyway?" A chorus of accusations rose, only to be quelled by the older one again.

"You know very well whose side I'm on. Her behavior irks me to no end — but I don't let it show. Why shouldn't it anger me? Here we are, all treated as equals, yet she doesn't hold up her end..."

"Yes," interrupted a more reserved lady. "Yes, her production has been zero for a week, but still she receives room and board and equal care. Indeed, I think the management hasn't even noticed her terminated performance."

The new theory started the rumble again, everyone repeating and contemplating it. A young lady stood out in the center of the group and said something, unheard, but not unnoticed.

"What? What?" the ladies clamored for her to repeat it. "What did you say?"

Given silence, she was reluctant to speak. "I said," she started timidly, "What are we going to do about it?"

The ladies were speechless. What were they going to do about it? **They** had not considered doing anything about it. Action was for the management. But it was clear that the management was unaware of the problem. It was up to them, the ladies.

The older one stepped to the front of the group slowly. It was clear from her puffed chest that she had known what to do all along.

"We'll have to kill her."

Agreement was unanimous, and this time there was no uproar, only an immediate sense of duty.

"Well, where is she?" the old one demanded.

"In **there**," the young one gestured, "pretending to work, as usual."

"Let's do it!" an unidentified voice squawked, and suddenly they were all running toward the unsuspecting offender, their fat bodies bobbing up and down, their wings flapping. The hen had little time for remorse before twenty of her peers were upon her, pecking her to death in her nest. She shrieked, and it was over.

In the group that left the prone body, a voice piped up: "That's what she gets for not laying eggs."

Ducks

• continued from page 3

I ingested such massive amounts of bad things that I would have had to weigh at least 600 lbs. to stay anywhere near sane. Then I hit on a truly wise plan of action. I would go roam the streets of Sacramento, find my woman, tell her I loved her, and take her home where she belonged. And this time I wouldn't be shaking Mikey's hand, I'd be rattling the bastard's teeth!

What followed was a truly despicable episode. Unable to find her anywhere in Sacramento proper, about 4 a.m. I barged into her sister's trailer demanding to know where she was. (I briefly considered apologizing to her and her husband, after I had sobered up, for this atavistic display so early in the morning in their own bedroom, but I had considered these people my friends and they went and set up my one-and-only with Mikey. I decided that those were just the wages of sin and I was God's instrument in carrying out retribution.) After some vicious browbeating, I got my answer. She was camping with Mikey on the Mendocino Coast.

I jumped in my truck, raced to the nearest Circle K Store, bought a map, and pointed the vengeful snout of my truck towards the coast.

.....

I woke up in the parking lot of a gas station, I was laying across the seat with my head on a bunched-up coat. The morning sun was quickly heating up the cab of my truck. The windshield was covered with squashed bugs of such variety and size that I could've driven through the Amazon Basin.

I raised my head slowly to see if, indeed, I was in the Amazon Basin. Nope. Looked like farmland. Maybe I was in Nebraska. Nah, all the cars have California plates. My gas gauge was on empty. Apparently some sophisticated signal made it through my besotted brain that made me stop until more fuel was available.

I sat there and thought about things for a while. If she was out there with Mr. Love Of Life, she wanted to be. As much as I didn't understand, I couldn't change that fact. And if she wanted to be out there, she was no kind of person for me. I know I'm not the easiest person in the world to have a relationship with, but whether I didn't show my feelings, wasn't my true self, or didn't love life enough, screwing a stranger didn't help anything (at least for me). She hadn't even tried to talk about these things with me.

I had done all the mandatory stupid things you do when you get dumped. I had beat up my Frigidaire, killed a whole lot of brain cells, acted childish, and ran my poor truck through so many miles of exotic looking bugs that it looked like an Andy Warhol painting. On top of all that, the last week of not keeping very good care of myself had ended up in a dandy case of walking pneumonia. I sounded like Darth Vader with laryngitis.

It was time to head home and wait for the hurt to fade.

Now I'm sitting here reading a card that my girlfriend gave me a while back telling me how much she loves me. And here's a picture of her eating a piece of cake and rolling her eyes for the camera. It hurts to look at these things, but I do. She's called me a couple of times. The guy who loved life turned out to be kind of a jerk and she doesn't like the single scene very much. Seems there's a lot of creeps out there. No shit, honey, one more than you think.

I feel a little better. Sometimes I hope for her all the happiness in the world. Most times I hope she gets hit by a truck in a place where the only transportation to a hospital is a horse drawn carriage with bad springs. Love can be that way sometimes.

But most of all I would like to thank those friends, and they should know who they are, who helped me get through a bad time. When I was at my worst, they got me something to help clear up the pneumonia and took me to the movies. When I felt better I took them to the races.

So, for you my friends, I hope the best thing I can think of. I hope you find yourself some night slipping into a comfortable sleep, and the person you want most reaches across you and holds your stomach, right where it hurts when someone you love leaves you, and gives you a gentle kiss on the back of your neck, where the soft hair grows, and a little smile bends up the corner of your sleeping face. And I hope that person isn't a rabid dog.

Viva les ducks, buddies.

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No man is an island

by M. C. Pinkstaff
Staff Writer

The traffic starts slamming past there about 6:30 every weekday morning. By 7:30 a.m., it's at a fevered pitch, and with almost every change of the lights there is a squeal of brakes and the stench of exhaust. The light changes to yellow and the bus coughs on through the intersection to the stop on the other side. It disgorges some passengers and swallows up others. But few people ever even glance over to the traffic island.



It is mostly greenery, some shrubs, a few trees and a nice groundcover with exotic looking yellow flowers that open with the sun and close at nightfall. The island has three rather nice redwood and wrought-iron benches that still haven't been vandalized after all the years they've been there. There is good reason for that. It is truly an island and there is little reason for anyone to be there. In fact, the wonder is that the city even put the benches there in the first place. It isn't a bus stop and there is very little foot traffic in the area. The triangle is bounded by streets on all three sides. And... there he is, the bindle-stiff who calls the island home.

Every single morning, with the first light of day, he can be seen lying there on one of the benches, with his back to the street. He is always in the fetal position, trying to keep warm. He has been there all this past winter and his arms and shoulders are usually covered by his filthy old army overcoat. As often as not, his shirt is pulled up, exposing to the cold night air the ashen-yellow flesh of his bare back. He is unaware, though. It is the most peaceful time of day... still in slumber.

He buys cheap red wine with the money he gets from the aluminum cans he scavenges and sells. He also does a little begging. "Do you have a coin I can have?" wise enough to know that if he asks too much he could get nothing at all. He picks up some cash by donating blood at the Capital Plasma Center down on 19th street. He goes there almost daily. They keep records, though, and curtail his donations. He would give every day if they would allow it. (Judging from the color of his skin, it would seem he would do better as a recipient than as a donor.)

It is hard to say where he spends his daylight hours. On occasion, he can be seen wandering miles away from the neighborhood. But even in his drunken stupor, daybreak finds him back on his little island home, curled up in the same position, head south, feet north.

He came from Chicago some years back, he doesn't remember exactly when, and says his family disowned him when he dropped out of Princeton in his senior year during the '60s. He was an "A" student and 23 at the time. He hasn't seen his family since. "They wouldn't know me and I wouldn't know them. They couldn't care less and neither could I. Good night, Irene." He thinks he is 43. He looks 60.

Stashed in the shrubbery is a chrome supermarket shopping cart stuffed with black plastic garbage bags filled with mashed beer and soda-pop cans. He also has a few

• See ISLAND, page 14

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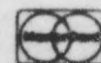
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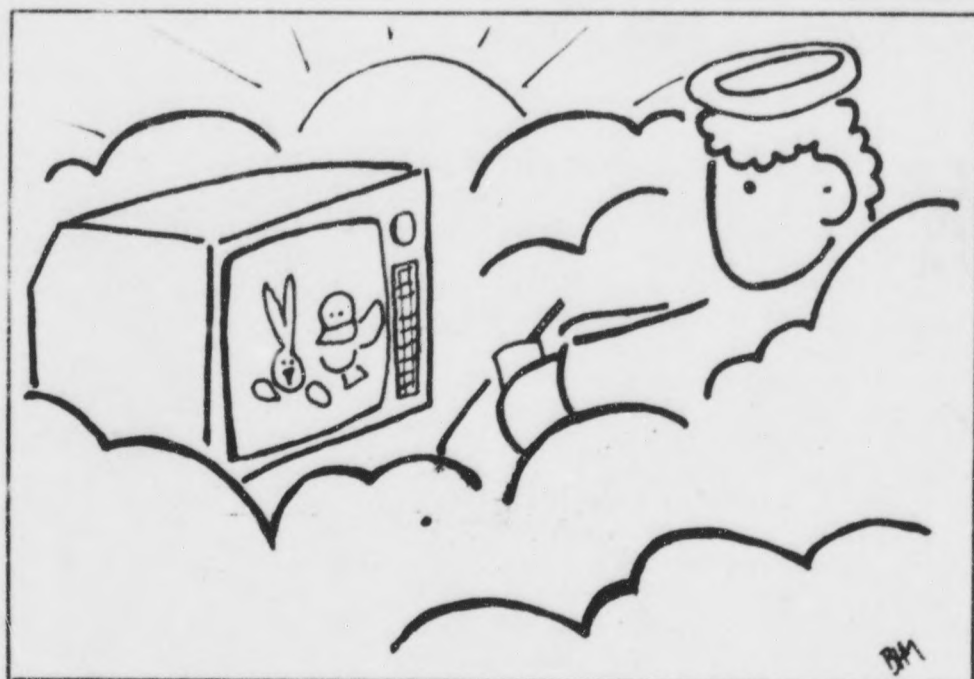
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Jason



by Louis A. Gilman
Staff Writer

I made sure the toys were where he had played with them last. He was always a stickler for details. If I moved things or cleaned up, he'd say, "Dad, why did you put them away? I had my man right there because he was going to shoot your man." After that, I learned to leave well enough alone. I looked around his room. The wooden blocks were there, the soldiers were waiting patiently to attack the other army, and the Hall of Justice was exactly the way he left it, as were the Superfriends... the Batmobile was warming up and ready for Batman and Robin to take on the Joker, and Superman was pitted against Lex Luthor. The Flash, Wonder Woman, and Green Lantern were inside the hall, doing whatever it is they do.

Jason's posters of Knight Rider and He-Man were there, ready for him to enjoy again. And, since it was a sunny but cool day, I even had a new ball and glove for us to play catch.

Ever since my divorce, I've only been able to see him every other weekend, but I try to make up for the other days I can't be with him. When he comes over, I want him to know that my house is his house, too.

The six pack of Pepsi is in the fridge getting cold just for him. Yes, I thought to myself, it's a good day for us to go to the park.

Jason always enjoys the park, especially the swings. He's always saying, "Higher, Dad! Push me higher!" After all, that's what a dad is for, right?

Later on we'd go to the store and get an ice cream, and he'd ask,

"Don't you want one, Dad?"

And I'd say, "No son, Daddy's got to watch his weight." As always, he would say he understood. It was a game we played.

Then we would go to Sutter's Fort and feed the ducks. Two loaves of bread were required, because Jason said, "They always get hungry during the winter time, don't ya know." I would always say, "No, I guess I don't, Son. Dads aren't supposed to know everything. It's good for the son to tell his father things at times. Then I'd act like, 'Wow, really?'"

I felt it was a good thing for a father to build up a son's confidence. I wasn't the best dad in the world, but I tried.

I looked at my watch. Well, it's almost time to go pick him up. He'll spend the night, and I'll take him back Sunday afternoon. As always.

I went out, got into my car, and drove to where he was waiting.

There were more leaves on the ground than a couple of weeks ago, but I didn't mind. I'm sure he didn't either. The graveyard looked like it always did, and I was happy he wasn't alone.

I could never remember what the doctors said he had, except that it was terminal. It was hard for me to explain to him what terminal meant, but I thought it was the right thing to do. After all, it was his life. He looked up at me, all 4 feet of him, eyes questioning the word.

"What's that mean, Dad?"

"Well, Son, it means you're going to die. You know, like what happened to Charlie,

your goldfish."

He didn't seem the least bit frightened... of course, how would a 6-year-old view death? Another game?

"Will I still be able to watch 'The A-Team,' Dad?"

"Sure, Jason. We can watch 'ol B.A. and Murdock and the gang together, OK?"

"When am I going to die, Dad?"

Tell me, how in God's name do you tell your son when he's going to die? I guess I sort of chickened out, because I told him I wasn't sure. Maybe a year or so. (The doctors said about 8 months.)

"Will it hurt, Dad?"

Up until then, I was successful in keeping back those damned tears, but that did it. I turned away, trying to act silly.

"Naw. You'll just go to sleep, that's all."

He was silent for a moment, introspective. Then he smiled and said,

"That's great, Dad. That means I'll be with God, right?"

I could only choke out a ragged sound—"Yes."

"I'm glad. Mommy says God is good and strong... even better than Superman."

I went into the other room for a moment. I always thought I was a bad-assed Marine, and that nothing could bother me.

I was wrong.

I went back, and we talked some more. I told him I'd tape "He-Man" and "The A-Team" for him on my VCR, and the next time he came over, we'd watch it.

"How about the 'Transformers,' too, Dad?"

"You got it, Tiger."

"Great. Let's go to the park, Dad."

Maybe it was his innocence or his bravery, but I hugged him like a madman, then I mussed his hair, zipped up his jacket, and said, "Come on, Son. Let's go to the park."

We had fun that day and in the days to follow. Death tends to bring you closer. Jason never once got out of line or acted spoiled. He seemed to accept it.

I hadn't.

At night I would lay awake, crying, and ask God, why? Why my SON? Why not me? He's only six.

I guess God wasn't listening that night.

The next day he was gone. The doctors had guessed wrong by two months.

As I walked closer to the grave, I noticed the area around the headstone was well taken care of. It made me feel better, and, for some strange reason, I hoped Jason would notice the difference.

I held out the ball and glove, and said, "Hey there, tiger, look what I have for you." The wind rustled the leaves, and I took that for his reply.

"We're going to have fun, aren't we? It's a good day to play catch, isn't it? This is the mitt that you've had your eye on for a while. Nice, huh?"

While he didn't say anything, I knew Jason was pleased.

"Hope all is well with you, Son. Daddy's doing fine. Work is keeping me busy. Mommy couldn't come because she isn't feeling too well."

As usual, that was a lie. My ex-wife and I didn't get along too well after Jason's death. But Jason understood.

"Hey, why don't we go for a little walk? Maybe throw the ball around a bit, OK? Ah, maybe I should come back next week. I want you to behave yourself. Make Daddy proud of you. I say prayers every day for you, Son. I love you and miss you. 'Course, you know that, right?"

Finally, I couldn't help the tears coming again.

"Forgive me, son," I cried. "I'm not very strong... I want to be the perfect Dad, but... will you forgive me? I hope you'll understand."

I wanted to be the best father a man can be, but I felt that the tears had made me lesser in his eyes.

I was angry with myself... it had been well over five months since Jason's death, but the tears and the agony were still there.

Then I realized that it was natural; after all, I wasn't Spock, for God's sake. It was the fact that I wasn't going to have any more days with my son. Part of me is lying there... never to laugh with me... to see the sun again...

"I'll see you next week, Jason. Please don't think bad things about your Dad crying, OK? Maybe next week we'll see a movie or something. I love you... that's one thing you'll never have to worry about... I'll always love you. You'll always be my little Tiger."

I turned blindly away and stumbled back to my car. It took me a few minutes to compose myself, then I looked back towards Jason. I waved, then drove away, hoping with all my heart that during the years we had spent together, I was a good father to him.

In the future, when I die, I'll be buried right next to him. Then we'll be together, and if you listen very carefully, you'll hear us, laughing and clowning around. Just the way we used to do.

Island

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ragged and dirty old clothes tied in bundles and hanging around the outside of the cart. He wears an old worn-out pair of once-high-quality wingtip shoes, without socks or shoe laces. His green twill pants are fairly decent with only one knee torn out. Under his overcoat, a suit-jacket and an unmatched vest, are two grimy gray-white T-shirts which he has worn holes through by scratching the scabby rash on his stomach and chest. The rash may be contagious, but it is more likely vermin or a nervous condition, perhaps shingles. He is very nervous and his head and shoulder twitch frequently to the side. He smiles with a toothless grin. Perhaps they rotted out. It is more likely some were knocked out.

His cart lies concealed in the bushes while he sleeps. It holds all his worldly possessions: his treasure, his life savings, the sum of his total existence. He protects it well.

As the noise of the morning traffic begins to build and the sun gets brighter, he begins to stir. He scratches in his sleep and dozes fitfully until he can see through the haze of the dago-red that helped him to dreamland last night. He sits up and a pigeon feather falls from his matted shoulder-length hair.

"Where are you? You bastard!" he jerks, half awake, to a sitting position. In an attempt to stand, he falls to the pavement and strikes his head and shoulder on the bench. His hand is scraped and bloodied. He doesn't notice.

"I said 'where are you,' you goddam bastard." A veil almost visibly falls from his eyes as they begin to focus and he realizes he is alone.

Again he tries and this time he makes it to a standing position. He weaves toward his cart and into the bushes. From there, "ps... shhhh... ps... shhhh." He returns, making an unconscious attempt to button his buttonless fly.

Pushing his cart, he leaves, crossing against the light.

Summer travel

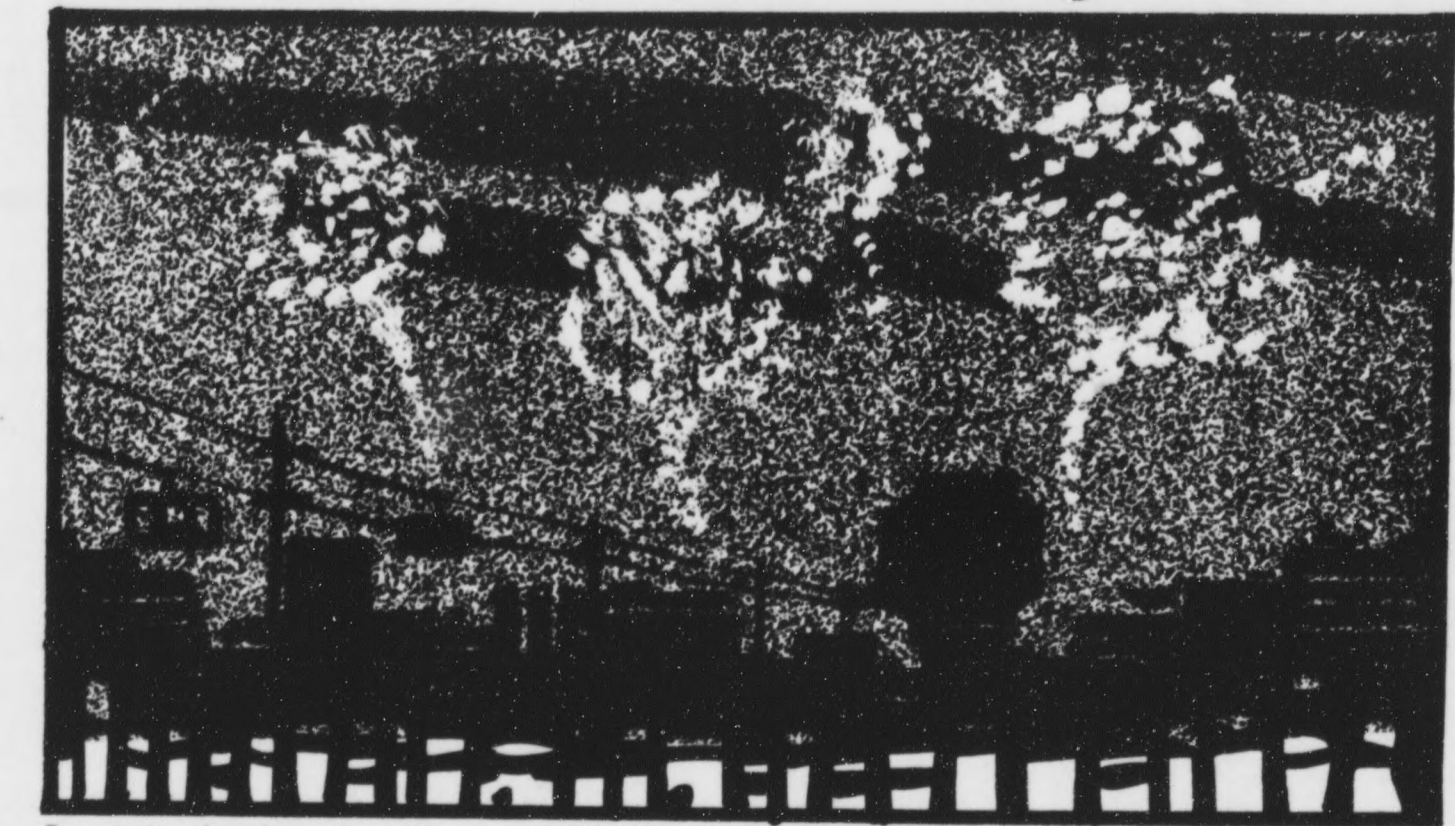
Expo '86 — a feast for the imagination

by Mary-Elleen Hale
Staff Writer

Imagine the world's largest stadium filled with Chinese in colorful silk kimonos, Dutch dancing in wooden clogs, East Indians wrapped in sarongs, American women with bonnets and long calico dresses beside men wearing fringed leather jackets and coon-skin hats. From May until October it will be possible to explore the past, present and future cultures of 80 different countries in one city: Vancouver, B.C. Vancouver will be hosting the 1986 World Exposition to display methods of transportation and communications for different geographies from different eras.

By boat, plane, train or car people will come together to see and to exhibit "World in Touch, World in Motion." Travelers can look to the past and imagine sailing to the edge of the earth with pirates and tall ships that will be displayed from the "Age of Sail," or they can imagine cruising on the first completely automated, computer controlled, sail-assisted ship, the Shin Aitoko Muro built in 1980 by the Japanese. Those with a passion for planes can view classic aircraft and a United States Space Shuttle with perhaps a sample of dust from Halley's Comet. Japan's "flying train," the French "People-mover," romantic Venetian gondolas and jeepneys from Southeast Asia will be on display.

Besides seeing the transportation modes of time and place, cuisine, art and dancing can be sampled. Chefs from participating countries will concoct dishes for everyone to try. Pop stars, street performers, orchestras and opera singers will provide approximately 11 live performances throughout each day of the EXPO. Art and sculpture will be shown, and under the world's largest stadium will be the world's largest theatre for viewing films and theatre works.



For a taste of ancient culture, the glittering gold and jeweled treasures of the Pharaoh Ramses II will be exhibited. The hieroglyphics, artwork and furniture of Ramses will demonstrate the richness and lifestyle of the ancient Egyptian leaders. Displays of ancient times will be scattered amongst displays of future times. Models and plans of future vehicles, vessels and aircrafts create images of life after 1986.

For children there will be special festivals and fairytale lands to educate and entrance. A giant steam roller coaster will take the daring on an eye-opening ride. Since the EXPO will be open 12 hours a day, plenty of nighttime cabarets and dancing will keep everyone entertained. After dark, the EXPO will be kept lit up by laser-light shows and fireworks.

The transportation mode for Vancouver in 1986 is the new Advanced

Light Rapid Transit System which would have amazed the city's founders 100 years ago. Besides bringing tourists to the EXPO, the Transit System transports people to various key points in the city including the vast and colorful gardens of Queen Elizabeth Park, the old, nostalgia-filled Gastown that features Vancouver in her youth, and the second largest Chinatown in North America. Since Vancouver is situated between the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky Mountains, tourists can enjoy a wide variety of outdoor sports in addition to seeing the attractions of the city and the EXPO. Sea lovers can dive into clear water filled with shipwrecks and marine life, or they can sail on top of the water. The abundance of lakes provides fishing and boating, and fast-flowing rivers provide white-water rafting. The natural beauty of the giant waterfalls, volcanoes, forests and glaciers make Vancouver

famous.

The "Tourism British Columbia Accommodation Guide" can be obtained free from the Ministry of Tourism to help find a place to stay while visiting Canada. Ivy-covered bed-and-breakfast inns, sleek and modern hotels with all the usual amenities, stone lodges with pot-bellied stoves, and lake-side campsites in the forest are available for tourists. To combine the luxury and relaxation of a cruise with the freedom of a hotel, tourists can stay aboard the Hotel S.S. Princess Patricia. The ship is a floating hotel with all the activities found on cruise ships. First-class buffet dining, cocktail lounges and dancing aboard the S.S. Princess simulate a cruise. For single young adult travelers, the Fraser Arms hotel is an adult entertainment complex and a fun way to meet people.

State

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toil, for nature makes it clear that gold has a laborious begetting, a hard guarding, the greatest covetousness, and its use lies between pleasure and pain," wrote Diordorus of Sicily in the 1st Century B.C. I stood on the path between the mine and the mansion and imagined the workers breathing the damp air of the gold mines and the mine owner breathing the perfumed air of the ballroom. All that lay between them was a mineral.

On my way back to the office, I passed a couple in bright red and blue snowsuits—bored skiers who could not go up the mountain because of the rain and heavy snows. Their snow boots crunched the gravel as they walked, looking strangely out of place. I walked back to the car, my

clothes now soaked clear through from the rain.

Once back on the highway, it took me only a few minutes to reach Nevada City. I took the second exit and drove up Broad Street. Surprisingly, the downpour had not discouraged the hardy shoppers who milled through the stores that lined the street. Looking at the scene, my sense of reality suddenly went askew. I got the feeling of being on a movie set, the buildings having been perfectly restored from the 1800s. I would not have been surprised to walk around the block and find the buildings backless. Indeed, I imagined the business people and the Chamber of Commerce had intended this to be a set, fabricated to attract eager tourists who had

money to spend. The hippies and their children were merely extras.

One summer during a trip to Nevada City, I had wandered away from Broad Street and set out walking through the neighborhood streets. At the end of one of the streets, I came upon an old, untended cemetery. Many of the graves were sunken, and the iron fences surrounding some of the plots were leaning inward. Still, there was a wild beauty to the place.

Up the hill from where I was, there was a stand of pine trees shading the tombstones. Under one of the trees, two hippies and their kids were having a picnic. At first I thought this was a strange place to have a picnic. Then I realized there was probably

no park in town that was not infested with tourists. To these people, this part of the city was theirs, up in the trees, away from Broad Street. They seemed to belong there as much as the tourists did to Broad Street.

Now, standing in the rain on Broad Street, I watched the shoppers walking under their bright umbrellas. Old men in old clothes also watched them from beneath the dripping eaves or inside doorways, their hands shoved deep inside empty pockets. One old man stared at me disconcertingly, his eyes and face dark under the brim of his hat. Suddenly, I felt very much the tourist.

I turned and stepped out into the clean, rain-washed streets, left the shoppers and Broad Street behind, and went in search of the cemetery.

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